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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1879.

There is promise of a heated term in our State politics. The canvass bids fair to take on a personal character. No little bitterness will be engendered. A true Christian faith ought to stand this test. We may lose the election of our candidate, but let us not lose our peace with conscience. As we have an honest opinion of our own, let us accord the same sincerity of purpose to our neighbor differing from us. Every man should use his influence to secure the election of the best men, but let us not become beside ourselves and act like mad men. Other interests are even more important than the election of a governor. Let not the cause of God languish. If men would spend money as freely to redeem the world as they do to secure a victory for a party, how soon the whole world would hear the Gospel of the Son of God. It does no harm to carry an election into prayer-meeting. The man that we can pray for by the "mercy seat," will probably be safe to vote for on election day.

The trouble with Prof. Rice's marvelously adjusted system of prayer and its answer, is that it shuts all heart out of the Great Father's response to our petitions. In a moment of overwhelming and unspoken distress, "I lift my eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help." I humbly, but earnestly, grasp a divine promise; my prayer is answered; but it was not the tender, paternal love of the infinitely sensitive Father, near me and pitying me, "like as a father pitieth his children;" but uncounted ages ago, His omniscient eye saw just what I should do and how I should feel at this moment, and the whole order of creation was arranged so that prayer would necessarily be answered. What a distance this separates Him from my sympathies and affections! How it places Him outside of His own universe, simply watching the machine as it works! He does not answer my prayer now, but the machine does. How different and imminent in all nature and all her laws does the Scripture view represent God—"a very present help in trouble."

The engineer stands, with his hands upon the lever, in his locomotive, and determines the direction of the train. It advances or goes backward, just as he pleases, by a simple movement of his iron arm. No law of nature is broken; the train moves backward in accordance with the same unvarying order of nature as forward. The intelligent mind of the engineer determines which way it shall move, and regulates it at pleasure. So the Infinite Unseen moves among the laws which He has established, and without any apparent interruption of them, acting Himself in accordance with His own established order, listens to the prayers of His dependent and trusting children, permits His heart to throb warmly against their bosoms, and by the motion of His hand so arranges the moving train of events, that the prayer is answered before the wondering eyes of the melted disciple, and nature has received no shock. It certainly is no more wonderful or unreasonable to conceive of this moving within nature, than a present arrangement of all the universe, back in eternity, to meet these constant exigencies of His rational and responsible creatures.

The secret of Paul's amazing accomplishments was his consecration to one work—"This one thing I do." Everything was subordinated to this. "God forbid," he says, "that I should glory save in the cross of Christ." Without reference to his own ease, to the forbidding character of the surrounding circumstances, he simply gave himself unreservedly to the work of the ministry. There are many things to distract a minister's attention at the present day. The spiritual condition of the Church offers not a few serious impediments to the progress of Christ's kingdom upon earth; but if a pastor has a single eye, a simple purpose, a Christian persistence; if he yields everything besides, and knows nothing among his people "but Christ and Him crucified," something will move. Heaven will move towards him, and earth will feel the approach of the Holy Presence. This undivided consecration to Christian work is the want of the hour, and this only will conquer the thousand and one interposing obstacles which the prince of the power of the air will inspire worldly hearts to suggest in opposition to an earnest spiritual reformation.

As the river always "makes mention of its bed," so he whose mind dwells wholly on earthly things becomes more and more earthly in his affections, while he who sets his thoughts on things above becomes more and more heavenly-minded. As one's spiritual life matures, one's meditations upon heaven become increasingly frequent, profound, and refreshing. Hence every growing disciple can say, with good Richard Baxter, "I had rather hear or meditate on God and heaven than on any other subject; for I perceive that it is the object that altereth and elevateth the mind which will be such as that which it most frequently feedeth on." And there is not only a transforming force in meditation, but when directed to the glories of the life to come, it becomes a spur to duty, a source of strength to resist temptation, and a refreshing spring of joy and gladness. To cite Baxter again: "A man is no more a Christian indeed than he is heavenly-minded."

That the excessive expression of emotion is exhaustive of the emotion itself, is matter both of observation and experience. The most violent mourners over the dead, for example, are among the earliest to find solace for their grief. It has been well said by a celebrated Frenchman, that "never without an evident and impracticable miracle can the words of the poet respecting a magic cup be spoken of the soul:—

'And still the more the vase poured forth,  
The more it seemed to hold!'"

As the vase is emptied by the act of pouring, so is the heart. Hence, even in the religious life, one needs to be reserved in giving utterance to feeling, and to take abundant time to fill up the soul with emotion by means of secret prayer and quiet contemplation.

### HOW TO SECURE IT.

It was an affecting request which came to us, as published last week, from one of our readers, for suggestions as to the way of reaching a state of perfect peace, for which his soul was "intensely longing." This request, doubtless, expresses the inward hungering of many hearts, and suggests the blind, ineffectual, but distressing, struggles of scores of Christian believers.

It would seem, at first sight, as if, of all the blessings that the gracious Father in heaven bestows upon us, the one He most reluctantly yields, and for which He requires the most arduous endeavors, is to cleanse and keep the heart that seeks to rest upon Him. It seems to be invested with a thousand mysteries, hedged around with the most serious obstacles, as was the tree of life, guarded by the flaming swords of the cherubim. It appears, as one would judge from these anxious experiences, as if the loving Saviour hid Himself from His eager and heart-broken followers, and was reluctant to complete within them the work of personal redemption, for which He had once yielded His life on Calvary.

Now, the truth is, without doubt, that the difficulty is not in the Saviour, in any lack of divine willingness or power, or even in the mode of seeking the greatly coveted blessing, but in the seeker himself. No one that really wants it will fail to find it. It is not necessary to have for our guide the experience of another. We may be, possibly, somewhat inspired to effort by it; our spiritual appetite may be awakened, but we are more liable to be bewildered by it; and in attempting to follow the footsteps of another we are often led into darkness. Our mental nature may act quite differently; our education, proclivities, strongest appetites and desires, may be entirely diverse. We may require, for the test of our sincerity and earnestness, very different discipline at the hand of our omniscient Saviour.

But the trouble is in ourselves. There is something besides praying to be done. The young ruler prayed, but went away from the Master very sorrowful. To many souls, struggling with no little earnestness, Christ might say, as He said to the mother of Zebedee's children, "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Christ cannot save a soul until it is absolutely placed in His hands. It is one really desires to sit at His right hand, He tries that soul by unmistakable tests, as to its full surrender to His control, just as He did the young ruler, by requiring the consecration of all his substance. In another instance, it may be some appetite, some over-mastering desire, or ambition, or form of selfishness. In some way the divine Spirit, infinitely desirous of securing our salvation, will reveal, if sought after, the leading purpose of the soul, the surrender of which carries all to God.

Now this actual consecration of the whole being to God is a sublime and a solemn act. It involves an amazing and a supernatural surrender. It can only be done in the strength that God bestows. It is not a struggle in prayer. It is not the proffer of the lips. It is not the excited emotion of the soul inspired by ecstatic songs. It is the deliberate, intelligent, cost-weighted, divinely-inspired-and-tested yielding of the whole being, life, endowments and substance, to God, to be used, anywhere and as He chooses, and to be submitted to whatever discipline He thinks wise. It is thoughtfully and tenderly resolving to follow the Bible, the light of a renewed conscience and of the Holy Spirit, ever thereafter, in the ordering of life. This is not a cold, formal act. No one can enter upon it sincerely, earnestly, prayerfully, without the Holy Spirit working in him to will and to do that which is well pleasing in the sight of God.

One of the most conscientious of the

devoted ministers of the New England Conference, forty years ago, became greatly distressed in reference to his spiritual condition. He was conscious of a lack of moral power, and he had not that abiding peace that seemed to be the New Testament birthright of the children of God. He prayed, as many do, with an agony of soul, but without apparent profit. He visited a ministerial brother who was well known as enjoying a rich religious experience, and sought from his lips the way to peace and spiritual power. Finally he went into his chamber and closed the door, resolving never to leave it until his prayer was answered. He was now on the verge of the kingdom of God. He really wanted eternal life more than anything besides. He was prepared to yield all, if he might but receive this. Now the Holy Spirit applied to him, as he knelt, the determining tests. Without being worldly-minded, or peevish, or grasping, he was very thrifty, and realized with much intensity the wisdom of providing pecuniarily for the future by sharp economy. He even hesitated to trust the pledged promises of God as to future support. All this stood out before him in a light he had never seen it before. He sought to aid his springing faith by some manifest symbol. He took his pocket book from his coat and placed it in the chair before him, as the representative of all his substance, and heartily, and tearfully, and really, consecrated it to God. It was the end of the struggle. The trial was successfully passed, and peace, unutterable and blissful, poured over his soul. This was no momentary emotion. It was not born in the fever of an excited circle; it was conceived of the Holy Ghost, and it conquered the world, the flesh and the devil.

The required test, as seen by the divine eye, may be very different from this in another instance. In some way the soul will be submitted to it that earnestly longs to find the regained Paradise. No one ever sought God in vain. There is no prayer sweeter to the ear of heaven than the hearty petition for a clean soul and an indwelling Saviour. If there is delay in reaching such an answer, the difficulty is not in the skies, but in the reluctant human heart. If one really hungers and thirsts after righteousness, he must be filled, or a word of God would fill of his promised fulfillment. Heaven and earth may pass away, but such a breach in a divine promise cannot occur.

### THE MORMON QUESTION.

The recent action of the Oneida and Wallingford communities in abandoning their pernicious and obnoxious practice regarding sexual relations, and adopting the practice which obtains among Christian and decent people, has directed thought anew to the Mormons and their ways. Unfortunately this sect shows no disposition to yield anything to the sentiment of the Christian community of the country, or to obey the laws that have been enacted. Their practice is not the same as that of the Oneida community, but it is scarcely better; and their leaders have inculcated it as a part of their religion so faithfully, that at least on the part of some of them, no doubt it is held as an obligation of conscience that a man who can support them ought to have several wives. While this may be the case as to the ignorant and deceived, it is not necessary to make any excuse for the more intelligent. They know well enough that all pretences of that sort are impositions and their motives are simply lustful and iniquitous.

This polygamous community has long enough been a foul blot on the nation. When the doctrine of plural wives was first promulgated, it made the sect a nuisance in the region where it was established, and public sentiment drove it into the wilderness. In Utah it has flourished, and the work which has been accomplished in the Salt Lake Valley extorts the admiration of all who visit the place. They have made that wilderness to blossom as the rose, in a literal sense, and in their seclusion they have nourished their immoral practice until it has grown to be a great and shameful abuse, prolific in misery and involving in its tolls thousands of people. The work of exterminating the monstrous corruption has grown great, and the government's inactivity has given it heretofore, and still gives it, an advantage. It was confidently predicted that upon the opening up of the Pacific Railroad through Utah, contact with civilization would operate to cause polygamy to be given up; but so far there are no signs of it. The Mormon government is the government of an absolute priesthood which works for its own aggrandizement with all the persistence of the Roman Catholic Church and all the unscrupulous craftiness of the Jesuits. The history of the domination of the Romish Church is not matched for cruelty and artful duplicity in these modern days unless it be by the Mormons of Utah. Whoever would obtain a vivid, and we believe a just, notion of the corrupt motives and cynical as well as wily dealings of this peculiar people, should read a story lately published by Mrs. A. G. Paddock, entitled, "In the Toils."

The Republican party in its early days denounced both slavery and polygamy as "twin relics of barbarism." During its possession of power it has abolished the former; but the latter still survives. This, too, must be suppressed. In 1862 Congress passed a law making the practice a felony, but so long as there was little population in Utah except the Mormons, or people afraid of them, the execution of the law was well nigh impossible. Times have changed now, and it is possible to obtain "Gentile" juries which will render verdicts in accordance with the law and the facts, and by such a jury on a test case the conviction of a prominent violator of the law was obtained. The case was fought through desperately to the supreme court, by which the constitutionality of the law and the regularity of the proceedings were affirmed in all points, and the convict is now undergoing punishment. The whole Mormon community has been greatly agitated and enraged by the result, and their threatnings are as bold as they are treasonable. It does not become the government to stay its hand. Prosecutions ought to be immediate, unrelenting and sweeping, until the crime is extirpated, or the Mormons betake themselves to another country. It is true that they have made a garden of a portion of Utah, that they have developed its resources, accumulated some wealth, and are a numerous population; but these facts are not a compensation for the evils they have done, are doing, and threaten to do in the future. Polygamy is a curse to the people and a blight to the land. It will soon retard settlement, and prove, if it is not already, a material as well as a moral injury to the nation.

There are altogether about 120,000 Mormons, of whom 5,000 are said to be maintaining this adulterous mode of life. The number of men in Salt Lake City who have more than one wife is about five hundred. There is no concealment of the immorality. It is done openly, and the duty of doing so is openly taught by the priesthood. To us it does not seem that there can be any lack of evidence to convict the guilty. Why the government does not proceed with vigor to enforce the law, we confess we do not understand. Unquestionably the public sentiment of the whole country would approve a resolute policy in this regard, supported, if necessary, by a military force that would make any attempt to carry out the defiant threatnings of the Mormon leaders foolhardy and impossible. It was the prospect of prosecutions which compelled the Oneida communists to discover that their immoral practices were not essential to their community existence. The activity and determination of the Christian people of the State made it certain that they must abandon their offensive ways, or abandon their location. They were not long in coming to a reasonable choice. It is not doubtful that a determined and strongly-supported policy on the part of the general Government toward the Mormons, would have a like satisfactory effect. They would have a new "revelation" as to their duty before they would emigrate to Mexico. While it seems safe to defy the law and the decency of the country, of course they will continue to do it. It should be made perilous instead of safe, and the Christians of the land ought to take steps to organize an influence that will not allow any administration to palter with this subject longer.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, who has visited that community during the summer and made a careful study of the conditions, reports that a defect of the existing law is that it applies only to polygamous marriages contracted after its passage. But there must have been a good many of these since 1862 which an indictment could reach. He suggests that a United States law against cohabiting with more than one woman, or a statute similar to the State statutes against adultery, would remove the obstacle to a general prosecution of the immoral class. Another impediment is that the Mormons have enacted woman suffrage in the Territory, which gives the polygamists a great advantage in all local affairs, and those not Mormons are trying to find some way to counteract the influence; for the number of women not Mormons in the Territory is not large. The correspondent says that the territorial officers appointed by the President are able and honorable men, willing to do whatever they can to stop the practice, and in this respect there is great gain since the time when territorial officers were either Mormons or men who cared nothing about righteousness, so long as they could live easily and make fortunes.

One Austin Bierthower, whom it is a shame not to know, as he speaks, in the last Independent, as one having authority and not as an ordinary scribe, is in distress in behalf of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is quite sure the last reached a serious crisis, and something ought to be immediately done about it. The trouble has come to a head under the treatment to which Rev. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago—the only Methodist minister in his estimation, above mediocrity in that city—has been submitted. This crisis is to result in the decision of the momentous question, whether the Methodist Church is to be a liberal or illiberal, a growing or stationary one. Mr. Thomas is abused and persecuted, as Mr. Bierthower thinks, because, while a hearty Methodist every other way, he has very liberal notions on the questions of the Atonement and of eternal punishment. The writer wonders why our Church cannot be as liberal as the English Episcopate which follows Wesley and Wesleyan, and other broad Churchmen, overlooking the fact that a State Church cannot discipline its ministry, the final appeal being to the civil law; and that the same Church fellowship, also, Ritualists who are rapidly trailing disciples for the Roman Catholic Church, and worldly and utterly selfish and un-Christian parish priests, who deny the rites of burial to Nonconformists, and arrogantly affect to hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and claim the right to excommunicate, are in the fact, as Mr. Bierthower thinks, because, while a hearty Methodist every other way, he has very liberal notions on the questions of the Atonement and of eternal punishment. 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## The Family.

### A TANGLED SKEIN.

Life is but a tangled skein,  
Full of trouble, toil, and travail,  
Knots that puzzle heart and brain,  
We must study to unravel;  
Slowly, slowly,  
Bending lowly  
O'er our task, and trusting wholly  
Unto Him, whose loving hand  
Keeps us smooth each twisted strand.  
In our hands at early morn,  
And at night when darkness lingers,  
Still the distaff must be spun,  
While the thread slips through our fingers,  
Lively, lightly,  
Twisting tightly  
Colors that shall gleam out brightly  
When the fabric feels the strain  
Of misfortune, grief and pain.  
He who lack of skill or thought  
Is in awkwardness betraying,  
Will the lines of grace distort,  
By the friction surely fraying  
Thread so tender,  
Fine and slender,  
Stands accused as an offender,  
And himself alone must blame  
For the knots that cause him shame.  
Some may wind a silken thread,  
Soft and smooth and beauteous;  
Others flax may hold instead,  
Or the coarse and shaggy wool;  
But if ever  
Our endeavor  
From the stains of sin to sever,  
We may weave them bright and fair  
In the robes that angels wear.  
Life's a complex skein indeed,  
Full of trouble, toil and travail,  
More than human help we need  
All its mazes to unravel;  
Slowly, slowly,  
Bending lowly  
O'er our task, and trusting wholly  
Unto God's love, we patience gain  
As we wind the tangled skein.  
JOSEPHINE POLLARD, in *Congregationalist*.

### CHARLES LAMB.

BY MRS. MARY D. WELLCOME.

Charles Lamb was born Feb. 10, 1775, in Crown Office Row, in the Inner Temple, where he spent the first seven years of his life. His father, Mr. John Lamb, entered into the service of Mr. Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, and to him he became — as said by his son in his essay, "The Old Bencher of the Inner Temple" — "his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer." He speaks of his father as Mr. Lovel — "a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty." His mother was a woman so maternally and commanding in appearance, that, according to one of Lamb's dearest schoolmates, she might have been taken for a sister of Mrs. Siddons. They had three children — John, Mary and Charles. John is very vividly described in the essay of Elia, entitled, "My Relations," under the name of James Elia.

On the 4th of October, 1782, when Charles Lamb had attained the age of seven, he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, by Timothy Yeates, Esq., Governor, as "the son of John Lamb scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife." He remained a scholar of that institution till his fifteenth year. He was small of stature, constitutionally timid and nervous, with a bad impediment in his speech, but his amiable disposition gained for him universal favor. On the 23d of November, 1789, Lamb finally quitted Christ's Hospital for the abode of his parents who still resided in the Temple. In April, 1792, he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His small salary was a welcome addition to the scanty means of his parents. His mother was an invalid, and his father in his dotage.

It was the good fortune of Lamb to be the schoolfellow of S. T. Coleridge, and the foundation was then laid of a friendship life-long and inspiring. This volume is largely enriched by his letters to Coleridge. So interwoven were those two lives, we may be pardoned a digression to relate a paragraph from the life of Coleridge.

Mr. Coleridge has offered him thirty guineas for a volume of poems, promising to pay as occasion requires without waiting for the completion of the work. "It is much to be regretted that this brilliant young man is so little to be depended upon, as Mr. Coleridge finds to his cost; for the volume of poems which has been paid for, does not make its appearance for two whole years. On Saturday he promises that the printer shall have copy in proof by Monday morning — a whole printed sheet a day, if he wants it. No copy makes its appearance, but a letter instead, asking the bookseller to send four pipes, as the poet has 'an impulse to fumigate;' and by the succeeding morning copy shall be forthcoming, which, however, does not arrive. So many excuses he has, too; now he is unwell; now he must go marketing — will Mr. Coleridge take tea with him this evening? now he will come to Mr. Coleridge's to tea, and after tea he will write; the publisher may look him up in a chamber, if he will, and not let him out till a due quantity of copy is produced; and so on, and so on."

Thus things go on for eighteen months or so, when it is announced that the young poet is to be married to Sarah Fricker, the sister of his friend Southey's affianced. Mr. Coleridge is a true friend in this emergency, and promises to pay him a guinea and a half for every hundred lines of poetry he will furnish — after the completion of the long-promised volume. On the strength of this promise the marriage takes place, and the pair take up their abode in a cottage which the groom has hired. Two days after taking possession, he writes to the ever-prompt Coleridge to send him down the following articles: "A riddle-slice, a candle-box, two ventilators, two glasses for

the wash-hand stand, one tin dust-pan, one small tin teakettle, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet-brush, one flour-dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats, a pair of slippers, a cheese-toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger, and mace."

What a glimpse at the inner life of the great man! He purposes much, and does little. It was in these days he showed to his friend Coleridge a leaf from his pocket-book upon which he had written a list of the works he had determined to write. Eighteen in all, several to be in quarto! Yet not one of them was ever written. The poetry at a guinea and a half for a hundred lines was not forthcoming.

But to return to Lamb. There was a hereditary taint of insanity in the family, which for a brief period developed itself in him. To Coleridge he writes: "The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant passed very agreeably in a mad-house. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one. But mad I was. It may convince you of my regard for you when I tell you that my head ran on you in my madness almost as much as on another person, who, I am inclined to think, was the more immediate cause of my temporary phrensy."

There was never a return of the madness, but not so in the case of his sister Mary, one of the gentlest and most loving souls. At various times there had been a development of insanity. At last, worn down by incessant toil and watchfulness caused by the illness of her mother, in one of her paroxysms she stabbed her to the heart, causing her death, and inflicted a wound on her father. Charles snatched the knife from her grasp. So entirely had he been sunk into dotage that in a single day he had forgotten the occurrence, and while the coroner's inquest was sitting, he was playing at cribbage in the next room! His sister was removed to the asylum where she speedily recovered. But the paroxysms returned through life with increasing frequency. When forewarned by the premonitory symptoms, she took her way to the mad-house, there to remain until the madness was past. With a small salary, the burden was heavy on her brother, but he was patient, faithful and loving. They were warmly attached to each other, and her correspondence and power show her to have possessed a well-cultivated, intellectual mind.

It was a terrible blow to Lamb when his friend Coleridge died. He deeply mourned his loss. Of all his gifted friends he was chief. So interwoven were their lives, that we get in this volume a very ample biography of that gifted writer. Coleridge's love for Charles and Mary Lamb continued, to the last, one of the strongest of his earthly affections. Sir Thomas Talbot says: "I possess an affecting memorial under his hand, written in the margin of a volume of his 'Sibylline Leaves,' which — after his life-long habit — he has enriched by manuscript annotations. The poem beside which it is inscribed, is entitled, 'The Lime-Tree Bower My Prison,' composed by the poet in June, 1796, when Charles and Mary Lamb, who were visiting at his cottage near Bristol, had left him for a walk, which an accidental lameness prevented him from sharing. Against the title is written as follows:—

CH. and MARY LAMB,  
dear to my heart,  
as it were, my heart.  
S. T. C. *Æt.* 63, 1834.

1797  
1834  
— 37 years!

This memorandum, which is penned with remarkable neatness, must have been made in Coleridge's last illness, as he suffered acutely for several months before he died, in July of this same year, 1834.

In 1833 the choicest prose essays which Lamb had written since the publication of Elia, were collected and published under the title of "The Last Essays of Elia," by Mr. Moxon. The last essay from his pen was entitled, "Thoughts on Presents of Game," etc., published in the *Athenæum* of Nov. 30, suggested by the reception of a "basket of prodigiously fine game."

This last letter was written to Mr. Childs, of Burgay. "What a funny name Burgay is! I never dreamt of a correspondent there. I used to think of it as some Utopian town, or borough in Gotham land. I now believe in its existence as part of merry England."

Soon after this last letter was written, an accident befell Mr. Lamb, which seemed trifling at first, but crystallized in the head coming on, he rapidly sank, and died in a few days, Dec. 27, 1834. His sister Mary survived him over twelve years, tenderly cared for by loving friends to the end.

LULU'S NEW DRESS.

BY E. E. B.

"It's just horrid! It will make me look like a regular little old grandmother!" and Lulu Bartlett's face had lost its usual sunny expression, and the red lips were pressed together in something very like a pout.

Her mother's pale face grew a shade paler, and there was a slight quivering of the thin lips as she quietly replied, "I know, dear, that it is old-fashioned and far from pretty, but I do not feel that I can afford to buy you a new dress this winter; it will make you a very comfortable, if not a handsome, garment."

Lulu, usually tender and kind, was

too full of her severe disappointment to notice her mother's look of pain. "Well, I wish to goodness that grandma had willed it to some of her poor people when she died, instead of to you. I shall look precisely as if I came out of the ark. Why can't I wear my blue dress every day? And I should think I might have that pretty poplin of yours made over for best."

"This will be a vastly more elaborate dress than was ever dreamed of in the days of Noah," her mother replied. "As for your blue dress, by letting down the underskirt and making the sleeves longer, it will do very well for another winter. And my poplin is altogether too nice to make over for you just now. It will cost too much better advantage a year or two hence."

"Well, I suppose I can't help myself," said Lulu, ungraciously settling down to her history lesson. "I wonder why it is," said her brother Jamie, "that girls always make such an everlasting fuss about their clothes. I am sure, now, that that will make a pretty dress; mother always fixes things up nice."

"I wonder who it was last Sunday who wished that he didn't have to wear gray mittens to church," said Lulu. "Well, if I did, I didn't say so before mother," said Jamie, blushing hotly, "and I'd rather wear gray mittens all my life than vex and worry her."

"My own dear boy!" said his mother, as she kissed him tenderly. Lulu Bartlett, a girl of fourteen, was the eldest of four fatherless children; and as she now sat apparently absorbed in study, her thoughts were busy with the past. A vision of a beautiful home rose before her, in which servants, elegant furniture, a beautiful table and pretty clothes each had a part; and above all she missed her dear, kind papa, who "was not; for God took him." And as she mused, her disappointment and the consciousness that she had been unkind and disrespectful to her mother, lent an unusually bitter tinge to her sad thoughts.

Her mother, busy at her work, glanced anxiously every now and then at the flushed face opposite. She was not deceived by her daughter's pretended studiousness, and the tender mother-heart yearned to soothe and comfort her. She thought sadly of the privations of the past two years, principally because her children had borne their share of the burden. As for herself, she was a brave woman, with a profound trust in God, and her trials received their keenest edge in their effect upon her beloved ones.

At length, putting down her work, she said, "Come and tell mother all about it."

Lulu looked up surprised. She did not suppose any one knew she was crying; she hardly knew it herself; then she gave a bound forward and was sobbing — with a feeling not of utter misery — in her mother's dear arms. "What is it, dear?" said her mother. "Are you so grieved about the dress? If it is going to make my brave little daughter unhappy?"

But Lulu interrupted her: "No, no, mamma, I think I don't care very much about the dress, but I was so rude and naughty, and I got to thinking how things used to be, and how hard you have to work now with housework and music-lessons beside. And then we don't have things nearly as nice as we used to; but I wouldn't mind so much about being poor, if we only had papa."

"Yes, dear," said her mother, "and viewing it in one light, it all looks very sad. But there is a bright side even to this picture. Dear papa is waiting for us on the other side. There is One who is holding us by the hand and keeping us; He will bring us safely over by and by. Meanwhile, we are to be brave and strong, and not mind little trials. If we bear the little griefs patiently, then we shall be all ready to endure nobly when the big ones come."

"Patience is bitter, but bears sweet fruits." Do you understand what that means?"

"I think I do. But don't you think it awful to be so poor, now honest, mamma?"

Mrs. Bartlett smiled at her daughter's question, and the little group about her smiled brightly in return. They realized that they weren't so very poor with such a dear mamma to make sunshine for them.

"Well, honestly, dear," said Mrs. Bartlett, "I don't feel so very poor; indeed, at this moment I feel quite rich. We have a pleasant home, and I have four precious children. Then we have clothes to wear, and food to eat, and there is no danger of the supply being cut short. To be sure, we must be very prudent, and we have each our little share of vexation and trouble to bear; but, after all, I think we fail to understand the real meaning of the word 'poor.' Being poor means to Jamie wearing gray mittens, splitting wood, and doing various little offices about the house; and to you, Lulu, it signifies washing dishes and wearing clothes less pretty than you used."

"But, truly, mamma," said Lulu, "I do mind it most having you work so hard, although you might not think it after my naughty behavior. But when you get that dress done, you just see how sweetly I'll wear it, if it is ugly."

"That is a good girl," said her mother, "but I think, with Jamie, that it may impress you more favorably when it is actually made up. I want to tell you about a call I made this afternoon. I went to see some people, very nice people too, who owed your papa quite a large sum of money. I hoped that by this time they might be able to pay it; but I found that they had been

more and more unfortunate — and apparently through no fault of theirs — until, as the poor mother told me, they had actually been without food. She told me this in confidence; she said she would never forgive me if I told it to people outside. Think of it, my dears, and never again talk about our being 'so poor.'"

"Well, I declare, mamma," said Jamie, "we always end in feeling quite rich after one of our good talks with you. You have such a clever way of putting things. I think I would not mind wearing the mittens all winter, and couldn't we save a little money and help some one who is truly poor?"

"I think that would be an excellent idea," his mamma replied. "God's poor are all about us, and if we will, we may do them good. And I am sure that cloudy weather and an occasional smart shower will do us no harm, if they only make us the more desirous of helping others out in the sunlight."

Lulu's dress grew up, and under Mrs. Bartlett's nimble fingers assumed shape and even comeliness. Never was dress the occasion of a more healthful interest, never did dress excite more genuine kindness of feeling. Before its completion, the dingy brown material and its sprawling vine had become transmuted in Lulu's eyes; for woven in with every stitch was the sweet mother-love, and the young girl inwardly resolved not to be outdone in loving unselfishness. The first morning she put it on, she told her mother with a kiss that it was a dear dress, not lovely as her dresses used to be, but ever so much dearer.

The dress created a different sensation at school from that which she had anticipated, for one of the world-beaters of fashion in that little realm declared that it was "very stylish, so extremely odd;" and she took the liberty to inquire of Lulu where her mother purchased the material. But Lulu told her that she did not know where it was purchased; and she did not consider it necessary to inform her that it had served a term of years in a trunk in the attic on account of its superior ugliness.

### THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND.

BY FANNIE H. ELLIS.

Wide, wide before us the world's dreary desert;  
Far, far away is the land of our dreams;  
No rest we find, no oasis to gladden,  
No fruit, no flowers, nor murmuring streams.

Heart-ick and weary we bow 'neath our burden,  
Faint with the labor and heat of the day;  
Scorching and white is the sand of the desert,  
Worn are our sandals, yet long is the way.

"Come unto Me!" Oh, how sweet falls the promise,  
What of the land, or the fiery sand?  
Only a step, and we're under the shadow  
Of Christ, the great Rock in a wearisome land.

Sweet rest we find, all our cares and our burdens  
Low at the feet of our Jesus we lay;  
Jesus, the Rock! but for Thee we had perished—  
Fainted, and faltered, and dropped by the way.

Under the Rock we find strength, rest and comfort;  
No harm can reach us while here we abide;  
Here we're restored. Oh, what rest for the weary,  
Equal to that which is found at His side!

Bristol, Me.

### ABOUT HOPE.

BY REV. S. M. PALMER.

Hope proper, is not made up of earnest and anxious desires, neither of hearty longings and wishes. Hope, especially the Christian hope, is much more than all these. I think we are too apt to forget all that is comprised in hope, and to regard it as only composed of desires and wishes. While desire is a prominent element of hope, expectation is equally a factor of the hope we are in the Bible directed to cherish. When David said to his soul, "Hope thou in God," he meant for it to expect to be helped of the Lord; for he says again and again: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him," etc.

The Christian, if living carefully and earnestly, cannot be too hopeful — in the way of expectation as well as of desire. Do not become weary and faint in your minds, but "hope thou in God." If you are in need, expect to be helped, and that right speedily. Why? Because it is God in whom we are hoping and expecting, and God is love, and Jesus is our friend and our intercessor; and that means, as a little girl said, that "He speaks to God for us."

Shall we not, therefore, not only wish and desire, but expect, that something will soon come of Jesus' speaking to the Father for us? There is this difference in people: Some in a tolerably clear sky, will search for every speck of cloud; others in a sky pretty much overcast are almost sure to find a rift somewhere. The former should cultivate hope — the expectation part of it — assiduously; and none the less should we train and drill our minds and hearts because we are Christians, for we are curiously and wonderfully made, and it need to exercise ourselves to be wise as serpents as well as harmless as doves.

We are begotten unto a "lively hope." There is nothing in this world so lively, and vigorous, and joyous as the Gospel hope — when in vigorous exercise. Why, the fruits of the Spirit — love, joy and peace — when not actually present

in the soul, are certainly expected soon to return, rather than hoped for. "Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord. Be not moved from the hope of the Gospel." "Christ in you the hope of glory." *Milford, Pa.*

### SEPARATION.

A wall grown up between the two —  
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;  
None knew when the first stones were laid,  
Nor how the wall was built, I ween;

And so their lives were quite apart,  
Although they shared one board, one bed;  
A careless eye saw naught amiss,  
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,  
Grew soon unkind of his loss;  
A hard indifference worse than hate  
Changed love's fine gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;  
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;  
The wall pressed heavy on her heart,  
For while she lived her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day,  
'Tis well man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;  
Would they could know, who lightly build,  
How sad and bitter is the end!

A careless word, an unkind thought,  
A slight neglect, a taunting tone;  
Such things and these, before we know,  
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

— *Springfield Republican.*

### Miscellany.

AN INCIDENT.  
A sweet little incident is related by a writer, who says: "I asked a little child not long ago, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I began to read the passage — 'I didn't wish to bother grandma, nor shake her; so I kissed her on the cheek, and that woke her very softly. Then I went into the hall, and said, pretty loud, 'Grandma, tea is ready;' and she never knew what woke her.'"

THE INSPIRATION OF WOMAN.  
Like Sir Arthur Helps, J. S. Mill, Theodore Parker, and many other men who have made their mark, John Ruskin confesses his debt to woman's inspiration. "Without the help of one of them," says he, "the day would probably have come before now when I should have written and thought no more."

"No man ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion." The best women, he says, are the most difficult to know, and they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children.

CHANNING'S VOICE.  
What a wonderful voice had Channing; short in stature, slight in figure; yet, standing in his pulpit, of commanding appearance; but how wonderful that voice, soft yet audible, melting yet resonant — clear in its whisper, trumpet-like when aroused. So thoroughly under control that, when a visitor was complaining of the Savior's denunciation of the Pharisees as too harsh, Doctor Channing took up a Bible and began to read the passage — "Woe unto you," etc., in his own quiet, deep, solemn, entrancing manner. "Oh," said the visitor, breaking in upon Channing's reading, "if He spoke it in that tone, my objection ceases."

ACTS OF LOVE.  
Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half a dozen great favors in as many years, but the every day kindnesses neither of which seems of much consequence, considered in itself, but their continued repetition sheds a sunlight over the whole neighborhood.

It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted — to run up stairs or down — to get chips or rock the cradle, or to run on an errand and "right back" — and all with a cheerful look and pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world. — *London Register.*

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

### THE HAPPY BOY.

BY L. B. GORDON.

"O mamma!" said little Bertie Kneeland, as he rushed into the drawing-room one pleasant afternoon in June, with his face full of sunshine and his large black eyes beaming with pleasure. "O you do not know how happy I am; I have seen my Sunday-school teacher, and she has asked me to pass the day with her to-morrow. Can I go?"

His mother said: "My dear little boy, come here, and sit upon my knee, and I will answer your question;" and with her arms around his neck, she said: "I never can retuse my little Bertie anything, he is so kind and good to every one, and is always trying to make others happy. So you can go, and I hope you will have a nice time."

The next morning Bertie was up with the birds, getting ready for his visit. At nine o'clock he saddled his pony, and rode over to his teacher's house, whom he found standing at the door watching for him, for Bertie was a favorite of hers.

When it came time for him to go home, his teacher said: "My dear, it is getting dark, and time for you to go. Kiss me, you happy little fellow! You are always trying to make some one else happy beside yourself."

His mother met him at the door, and said: "Has my darling had a nice time?"

"Yes, mamma, I have had a splendid time, and I always do when I am

with my teacher. She is so good you can't help it, and I love her so much." My dear little readers, remember that by making others happy you will be so yourself.

### MY NIECES.

BY LUTHERA WHITNEY.

Auntie's little nieces  
On the mountain-side;  
Darling Grace and Constance,  
Mamma's pet and pride.  
Con with sun-brown ringlets,  
Grace with spun-gold hair;  
Constance brown and ruddy,  
Grace plump and fair.

Grace hunting mischief  
Runs from place to place;  
Careless, helpful Constance  
Watches little Grace.  
Constance's eyes are hazel,  
Grace's are tinged with blue,  
El. ht years old is Constance,  
Grace only two.

Fair-haired, blue-eyed Agnes,  
Buy all the day;  
Auntie's darling sweet-heart,  
Four years old in May.  
In the sunny valley  
Picking pansies sweet,  
Hear the tinkling pateric  
Of her tiny feet.

Teaching brother Willie  
Funny little plays;  
Cooling over dolly  
With a woman's ways.  
Blessed, happy Agnes,  
Clever, cute and small,  
Auntie loves and loves you,  
Auntie loves you all.

Springfield, Vt.

### For Young and Old.

#### Only Fun.

.... A countryman seeing the sign "Hands Off," innocently asked if they had gone on a picnic.

.... "Railways are aristocratic," says the *New York Express*. "They teach a man to know his own station, and to stop there. They are eminently social, too, being held together by many ties."

.... There are but few faults in this life more sublime and pathetic than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a much — *Joel Chandler.*

.... The man who got in a barber chair, placed the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel may justly be called absent-minded.

.... An old bachelor, on seeing the words "Families Supplied" over the door of an awning saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

.... In these words a correspondent lately introduced a piece of poetry to the notice of the editor of a newspaper: "The following lines were written fifty years ago by one who has for many years slept in his grave merely for his own amusement."

.... A farmer who wished to enter some of his live stock at the agricultural exhibition, in the innocence of his heart, but with more truth in his words than he dreamed of, wrote to the committee, saying, "Enter me for one jackass."

.... It was Sunday afternoon, and young Mr. Stayslay had stopped until they were tired of asking him to take supper. The best china and the extra silver pieces graced the table, while one of the most nuptial was placed by young Mr. Stayslay's plate, for the family desired to create all the impression possible upon his susceptible mind. His young lady was conducting herself with great credit, and was more than most men ever in love with her, when the mother said, passing the cake for the second time: "What! you have another piece, Mr. Stayslay?"

"No, thank you," said the young man, in his politest tone, "not any more."

"Oh, do have just one more," urged the mother, smiling sweetly; "you haven't eaten hardly anything."

The young brother, who sat opposite, and who had been instructed, much to his disgust, not to ask twice for that cake, saw his opportunity, and blurted out with great malice: "Hub! I shouldn't think he had! He's eaten four hunks of tongue, three biscuits, two plates of 'saucy,' two of 'them tarts,' and both kinds of cake. Mother, he keeps kicking me under the table. Make her stop."

They brought young Mr. Stayslay to, by dashing ice-water in his face — *Rockland Courier.*

### Gems of Religious Thought.

.... The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough. — *Carlyle.*

.... God draws straight lines, but we think and call them crooked.

.... The charm of one character of an lies in a trait which is wholly undeveloped in another; in a peculiar refinement or fullness of one part of the nature. Thus, the fruit the mere husk or film becomes the luscious peach or fragrant rose. — *Ruskin.*

If I could find  
No love is all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but holiness did ring,  
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined;  
And if, before these sepulchres unmoving,  
I stood alone (as some young rocks her foot),  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary death,  
Crying, "Where are ye, O my loved, and loving?"

I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I am."  
Can I suffice for heaven and not for earth?"  
— *Mrs. Browning.*

.... Difficulty is the nurse of greatness, a hard nurse, who "tightly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportions. The mind, grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature."

.... He who gives only the second place in his heart to the work of the Christian mission, ought never to have entered it. Love will make your work recreative, because it will be certain sunshine and shower on the seed you sow. Feeling its influence, germs of goodness will spring into life. Believing profoundly in your calling, and loving it with all your heart, great things, things that will amaze you, will be done before your eyes. If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest remove mountains of difficulty, turn stony hearts to flesh, and make the desert blossom as the rose. — *Ellis Ford.*

.... I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with its rider, some distance in advance; then, after a little

space, follows another; and then, at a short interval, another. As soon as the first finds water, almost before he stops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one, hearing the voice, repeats the word, "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with "ha water." So in that verse, the Spirit and the bride say, first of all, "Come!" and then let him that hears say, "Come!" and whosoever is athirst, let him come, and take of the water of life freely. — *Spurgeon.*

COMFORT.  
Of all the golden faiths to hold,  
None can the joy bestow  
That comes from knowing that our life  
Is but begun below.  
To reach diviner heights of bliss,  
When flesh is laid aside,  
And we in royal freedom go  
Upon our mission wide.

What joy to know that



